

channel and came about on the north side of the spit and beached the boat. My sister Greta, her husband Pat and their friend Barbara went ashore while I stayed on board and watched the small dingy anchor we put ashore drag off through the sand and disappear under the rapidly rising tide. I raised sail and had a nice time just tacking back and forth in the sheltered water behind the spit.



I came back in and picked up everyone and we then sailed northwestward around Lopez Island and over to Shaw Island and Blind Bay where we were to spend the night, a quick sail of six miles. By now the wind was a steady 15+ knots and we were reefed down to 100% jib and 3/4 of a main. The entrance on the north side of Shaw Island is pretty easy going into Blind Bay. However it was made a bit more interesting with the presence of a docking ferry. We were able to scoot out of the way with the excellent wind we had. It was a great performance if I do say so myself, tacking through several large anchored sail and power boats, providing their guest with a bit of entertainment. We worked the boat up to the head of the bay and set two anchors under sail, without losing anyone overboard (that is another story for another time).

The Ferry at Shaw Island, seen from a safe point

While sitting down with a bit of wine we could admire snow covered Mt. Baker in the distance. Along the shore we could see an old farmhouse, some green fields and an old orchard. Suddenly a short distance off the stern of the boat, a small head popped up, then another and another. Soon there were perhaps a dozen furry inquisitive heads poking out of the water. It was a gaggle, a school, a heard, well whatever you call a baker's dozen of otters. They sported



Sailing in to Blind Bay, Shaw Island, anchorage was upwind of these boats and close to the shore

about the boat for a short time and were off in an instant disappearing under the dark water.



Typical Island home



Between Crane & Shaw Is.



Not-so-typical island home



The Port of Friday Harbor

up at the docks and wandered about looking at a lot of “character” boats and having a really nice meal at a restaurant overlooking the harbor. Though I found Friday Harbor a bit crowded it has a charm of its own and I would recommend a visit if only to get out of KP for a meal or two.

Greta caught the 2:00 ferry and we headed north up the San Juan Channel often wing

Up the next morning we mostly sailed west along the north shore of Shaw Island weaving in and out of several small islands until we reached San Juan Channel five miles later. We then tacked down the channel heading SE to Friday Harbor just four miles down the channel. It was here that Greta would catch a ferry back to Anacortes to pick up her car and drive up to Vancouver B.C. for several days of business meetings. The company she works for is involved with a wind powered generation project in Ireland. Since we had time, we tied



Pat, Greta and I at Friday Harbor San Juan Is.



A comfy kitchen seat,



A comfy fishing boat,



A very blue house boat



Rusty pirate chest



Tiny European Spotted deer on Spieden Is

and wing for the next 7 miles to the southern tip of Spieden Island. It was a race to beat the tide change. With this change a strong tidal race is created along the channel by Spieden Island. We had to transit this on our way to Stuart Island five miles further along. With the help of the motor and sails were worked along the shore of the privately owned Spieden Island. To the northeast we could see a heard of tiny European spotted deer on the island and a short distance away to the southeast several



South side of Spieden Is.

sea lions sunning themselves on the rocks of tiny sentential island.

We reached Stuart Island late in the afternoon and could not find space on the floating dock at the state park in Reid Harbor. We chose to anchor on the south shore of the harbor and spent the rest of the afternoon watching ospreys dive after fish. Based on their success rate, no wonder they were endangered. A nice meal and nicer sunset concluded a busy day.

We went ashore and used the facilities (hey no bucket!) and wandered about the trails. We could see Saturna and Pender Islands five miles away in Canada but couldn't go there because Greta's friend was from South Africa and would need a visa.

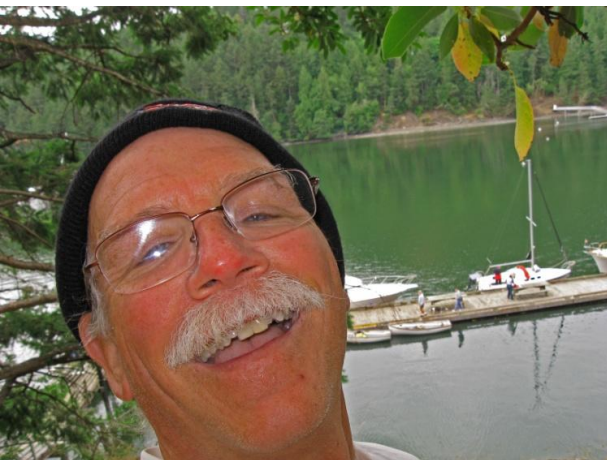
Barbara was an interesting person who met Greta while Greta had a marine business in Granada in the Caribbean. Barbara works on a 129 foot luxury charter sailboat (50K a week rental). She then takes a vacation to see her friend and spends it on a 22 foot Rhodes with two guys, sans her friend. I would call that a real busman's holiday.



Sunset at anchor, Stuart Island



Barbara "hitchhiking" to Saturna Is. B.C.



Me & Enosis at the dock, Stuart Is.



Some interesting geology, Stuart Is.

The next morning we returned to the dock and walked around the many trails for a couple of hours. We were waiting for a favorable current to our next destination, that of Sucia Island.

We motored and sailed intermittently through Boundary Pass the 13 miles to Sucia Island arriving in early afternoon. At these latitudes it doesn't get dark until almost 10:30, so we had plenty of time to explore the island.



The start of the walk, Sucia Island

We started out together walking along the exposed beach and up over small hills. After a while Barbara went back to the official trail (where where she became last for a couple of hours) and Pat and I continued our trek along the southeast side of the island. Along the way we had beautiful views of nearby Little Sucia Island and the Gulf Islands and San Juans.



Sucia Island, Looking WNW



Interesting rock formations Sucia Is.



Little Sucia Island



Nice seat, Little Sucia Island in background, Sucia Island